

Our Dispatch

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How to Call The Times-Dispatch.

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wish to speak.

When calling between 8 A. M. and 9
A. M. call to central office direct for
4041 composing room, 4042 business office,
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The man is the spirit he worketh in;
not what he did, but what he became.
—Caryl.

Sunday Observance in Richmond.

The difficulty that the management of
Idlewood Park will have to meet in
testing the Sunday-closing law is the
distinct violation of an existing statute.
It is admitted that Idlewood has furnished
a great deal of innocent amusement for
the city of Richmond, and it is under-
stood that the management has no desire
or intention of operating its bar-room or
the more noisy features on Sunday. There
are also to be found in Richmond, and
perhaps in Henrico, a number of citizens
who would welcome the relaxation of the
strict formalities which Richmond has
always been used to observe on Sunday;
but The Times-Dispatch doubts whether
this community is ready to go as far as
the Idlewood management desires.

We do not wish to prejudice the case,
but, speaking for this community as we
understand its respect for the Sabbath, it
is doubtful whether the easier customs of
other cities on Sunday would be wel-
comed in Richmond.

Distracted Russia.

Time's whirligig never brought in a
stranger revenge than when it carried
the expelled, but not dispersed Duma
to Viborg, Finland. Perhaps the blackest
page in Russia's annals of oppression and
wrong is the history of its dealings with
the Finns. Since 1899 this matter has been
continually agitated in this paper. It
deplored with the whole world the at-
tempt to destroy the last remainder of
Finnish freedom. In the abrogation of all
of the constitutional rights of the
country by Czar Nicholas II. The Finns
are the best educated, the most peace-
ful, and it may fairly be said, the most
intelligent race in Northern Europe. They
love their country and their nationality
with an idolatry that is only found among
those people whose natural instincts are
crushed down by the iron hand of a
military despotism. A proud, self-con-
fident Englishman, a successful or power-
ful German can never lose his fatherland
as would a Finn, who nourished ever in
his heart the hope that some day the
glory which had departed might return,
and put therefore into his love for his
country a longing and a pathos which
were lacking in the loyal and whole-
souled attachment of other more favored
nations. So the Duma chose well when
it selected Finland as the seat for its
future deliberations.

The fuel for a great conflagration is
ready and piled, the match has been
struck, but it may be yet crushed out by
the military force which the Czar has
been led to believe can be relied upon.
Even if the conflagration is started there
will yet remain an enormous difficulty
before the revolutionaries can consoli-
date into one coherent effort the di-
verse forces that are now crying out
against the Russian autocracy. Russians,
Poles, Finns, Georgians, Ests and a
multitude of lesser tribes are under the
Russian dominion, and are all restless,
angry and unorganized. The danger of
the situation is that behind it all stand
the peasants maddened with their land
hunger. These have neither the intelli-
gence nor the self-control to form a
background for real revolution. Their
fate in all probability is to become food
for slaughter and famine, while the paiga
of a new birth are rending distracted Rus-
sia.

Editors and Automobiles.

Miss Evelyn Walsh, a wealthy young
lady of Colorado, is being very severely
admonished by various editors of the
country for having recently driven her
automobile fifteen miles in twenty min-
utes. It is not the mere speed of the
performance that has elicited the editorial
rebukes. But this young woman had
been in an automobile accident last year,
a serious accident, in which she was
badly injured and her brother killed.
This ought to have been a "lesson" to
her, and she should not have ridden in
an automobile any more. She is a fool-
hardy young person, wholly wanting in
a sense of what is intelligent or even
seemly. So upbraid the brethren of the
press.

This, of course, is the obvious and com-
monplace comment. But isn't there an-
other side to it? Why shouldn't Miss
Walsh continue to motor if she cares to?
The fact that she has had one mishap is
no evidence at all that she is likely to
have another. By the law of chance
and choice, she is now, indeed, less liable
to accident than ever. Motoring will
never be a dangerous sport—nor are not
the very terms contradictory?—but men have
died at baseball, for that matter, and
even plunging. Twenty people lie dead
in North Carolina as a result of a rail-
road collision, but nobody believes that
their families should resolve that hence-

forward they will use the cars no more.
No special shrewdness is required to
observe that the automobile has not yet
acquired any general popularity. Doubt-
less it will grow in favor as it lessens in
price. When the lynx-eyed editor has
his own little home-wagon to draw him
back and forth between house and office,
he will doubtless not be so hard on other
devotees of the machine, love being pro-
verbially blind. Meanwhile, he is apt to
be a little caustic on the subject.
If it had been a question of fox-hunt-
ing, for instance, and Miss Walsh had
kept on following the hounds, after see-
ing her brother killed, and being herself
badly hurt by a fall, she would have
been described merely as a very plucky
sportswoman.

The Misery of Misers.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," said the
charitable Romans; but why is it not
both fair and proper to draw some les-
son from the life and death of Russell
Sage, the moral laudatory or not?
"The days of man are three score years
and ten," cried David, and Russell Sage
came to four score years and nine, nor
were his days but labor and sorrow, for
he pursued and gained his heart's de-
sired object. But was that object worth
eighty-nine years of life? Was the heap-
ing up of riches, not knowing who should
gather them, an ideal and an aim that
should have held a man's sole, undivided
and intense attention for three-quarters
of a century? Can such an object, even
when it is so entirely achieved, be ever
justified as the real motive for a man's
life? If so, mankind would do well to
pause and hearken and lay to heart the
lesson and the forces of Russell Sage's
life.

There is a great gulf between the salary
of an humble clerk in a small grocery
store and a fortune of seventy-five or
one hundred million dollars, and yet
Russell Sage did not cross this abyss on
the slippery bridge of fraudulent rebates,
wrecked railroads, or bribed legislatures.
His path is not strewn with blackened
reputations, and his fortune was not
founded on illegal or immoral methods.
What he had was acquired in merchan-
dizing, first in groceries and then in
money, stocks and bonds. To this pursuit
he brought a keen judgment and an un-
flinching energy that were not unworthy
of the highest service.

Frugal and abstemious, avoiding ex-
cess and keeping his body under subjec-
tion, he needed only some noble and
spiritual aim to have made his influence
and name an enduring power. "But,"
some will say, "he preferred to amass
money. His time and his talents were
his own. He paid his taxes and thereby
discharged his duties." To society, yes.
But a man's highest duty is to himself.
Not to feed and pamper and indulge his
body, but by practicing every manly vir-
tue, by forbearance, courage, nobility and
generosity, to develop every latent pos-
sibility of the God-given opportunity of
this life.

New York did not stop its humane and
unselfish works because one miser, more
or less, clutched with trembling hands
an ever increasing pile of gold. But the
man, in his mad pursuit of gold, lost
his chance. In the place of a nature that
like some spreading tree welcomed every
shower and burst of sun, there was de-
veloped a furtive, shrinking, timorous
spirit, that, like some tortuous rook, bur-
rowed in the ground, avoiding every duty,
denying every responsibility, and steady-
fastly holding to only one principle, that
of the joy of hoarding. And such have
their reward.

The gold is here to be had by him who
will pay out for it his hours of life,
with the certainty that such a course
will leave the soul atrophied, the char-
acter perverted and the noble emotions
shrivelled. The exchange can be made—
but the final judgment on "Tomlinson"
was:

"The soul that you got from Almighty
God

You have bartered it clean away."
De mortuis, etc., again—but let us re-
member how much more we need the
opportunity for serving our fellow men
than they need our services. Perhaps
then we will gain a clearer appreciation
of what the real prize of this life are,
and how they may be gained.

Ice—Natural and Manufactured.

Ice machines are one of the greatest
blessings that have ever befallen human-
ity—certainly that part of humanity
which has learned to depend upon ice
for comfort during the heated season.
The figures of the American Ice Com-
pany, which have been put out to justify
the charges it is now making in New
York, throw a profoundly interesting
light on the part that is now played
by the machinery in making up the par-
simony of winter in the mid years.
For example, in 1880 the company har-
vested 1,426,800 tons of ice in Maine and
600,000 tons on the Hudson River—a total
of only 2,026,800 tons—and the retail price
in New York jumped to \$1 a hun-
dred for families, or \$20 a ton! This
year the Maine harvest was only 135,145
tons; that of the Hudson 1,673,188—a total
of 2,008,333 tons, or about 100,000 tons less
than in 1880—still the price doesn't soar
to \$1, as in that year, but stays at forty
cents! The demand, the actual consump-
tion, must be vastly greater.

Whether forty cents is the proper price
or not, the demand and the annual con-
sumption in New York must be very
much greater than it was twenty-six
years ago, though the ice supply from the
State of Maine and the Hudson River
was 100,000 tons less than in 1880, and
yet the price did not soar beyond the
reach of the humblest citizen. Had it
been necessary to depend upon the nat-
ural supply there is no telling how high
the price might have been in New York.
Certainly it would not have been much
less than \$2.50 a hundredweight, with all
that those figures mean of suffering and
discomfort for the public at large.

Even in Richmond it is in the memory
of nearly every adult inhabitant how the
schooners used to come in from Maine
and unload their cargoes of ice at the
old dock. In those days the ice wagons
bore the attractive legend "Kennebec"

just as they now peddle their wares
under more indefinite descriptions. So,
even while the ice trusts of the different
States are being pursued and reviled, it is
worth remembering that ice at any
price is better than no ice at all. In the
Philippines, for example, where so many
Americans are now living, ice is sold at
one cent a pound, and it is delivered in
little pony carts. Many American fam-
ilies, therefore, are obliged to arrange
an iceless breakfast, consisting of bacon,
hot bread and a can of condensed cream
opened for each meal. What a depriva-
tion this must be to those who are
accustomed to the freest use of ice can
be better imagined than endured. It was
not so long ago that the American's de-
mand for too water was a standing joke
in English comic papers, and the story is
told with both truth and humor of a
Virginian, who, when visiting the Lord
Bishop of London, asked for cold bread,
and, after an interminable wait, was
handed some bread by the butler, who
remarked, "Ere it is, sir. I'll have tried
to hie it the best I could."

Whether regarded humorously or not,
the Americans are not alone in their
desire to have cool foods and drinks.
The porous pottery of India has long
been used this way, and all through Vir-
ginia, at least, the spring house is still
the place for preserving the sweetness
of the milk and butter, and occasionally
cooling to a delicious flavor a juicy
watermelon. One of the first things our
government did when it took charge of
the Philippines was to erect an enor-
mous ice plant, which is one of the
most conspicuous buildings in Manila.
This plant was operated by the govern-
ment as a part of its duty to the public,
just as it would have supplied police
service, or performed any other recog-
nized governmental duty, which shows
that, though the geologic ice age has
gone, the commercial ice age is hard
upon its heels.

The hot consumers, though they may
quarrel with good cause at the high
prices, rejoice with all their hearts at
having ice to quarrel over.

The Hill Directory Company, of this
city, and its associated firms are likely
to be very careful, indeed, in the use
of asterisks in future editions of their
various directories. The asterisks are
used to indicate that the person so in-
dicated is a negro. Mr. J. Luke Lanca-
ster, of Asheville, N. C., was one of those
so indicated. He is not a negro, and is
suing the companies for the insinuation
that he is. Henry P. Pearson, who was
not so indicated, is a negro, and he is
suing the companies for insinuating that
he is not. Each considers himself dam-
aged by the misrepresentation of his
color. Errors being almost impossible to
prevent in a system of this kind, and
regarded as damaging when they do
occur, the directory people may well
wonder whether the advantages of the
asterisk plan are enough to warrant the
accurring risks.

The current report that the tide of
pensions has begun to recede will be
received with the skepticism which usually
greet this rumor on its periodic
reappearances. If the pension system
were administered on the lofty plane
where dishonesty and fraud never effect
an entrance, recedences would be inevi-
table as time went on; but the fact that
the rolls still hold five beneficiaries from
the Revolutionary War is a depressing
one in this connection. The report is
too good to be true; it is doubtless il-
l-founded; and the prospect is that the
honest Western or Northern householder,
whose pension has been the foundation
of the family fortune, will go on handing
it down from generation to generation
until the end of time.

Figures show that the life insurance
companies did not do nearly so much
business this year as last. Well, they
really didn't need to, after shaking off
the McCordes and other costly luxuries.

Mr. Rockefeller says that the rumors
as to his being a billionaire are greatly
exaggerated, his real fortune "barely ex-
ceeding \$300,000,000." The "barely" is
especially interesting reading.

The eight-hour day appears to be a
progressive sort of proposition, adopted
more and more as time goes on. Men-
tion this to the boss when you find time
to get around to it.

China is said to be on the verge of a
tremendous uprising. We might have
known trouble would come when those
laundymen got indicted.

That Russian revolution, however, has
missed its cue on the several previous
occasions when it was scheduled to come
off.

As to the great expenses through the
Celestial Empire, the spirit of unrest
seems to be fast filling up the Chinese.

Mr. Thaw's lawyers naturally object
to being put on or off like a suit. No
Bustace, not a law-suit. Behave!

Desiring to secure a more conspicuous
place in politics, labor evinces an in-
tention to work for it.

Doff your suits of armor and come out
of your cyclone cellars. Peace reigns
in old Guatemala.

As the real estate ads. have it, Rhodesia
will now be fitted with all modern im-
provements.

HIDE FOR LIES.—Forward came
promptly to Nicholas. Bomb-proof wrap-
pers and fully prepaid.

Erect twenty-three more tombstones to
the memory of murderous railroadings.

By the by, is the Czar's tennis racket,
also, unstrung?

April is hereby defied to shower more
copiously.

Sage was, perhaps, not very.

LUMBER
Largest Stock, Lowest Prices.
Quick Deliveries.
WOODWARD & SON, 320 S. 9th St.

Rhymes for To-Day

To a Birthday Cake.

My lady's birthday 'twas, and I
By kind chance shared the festive
(The "shared" is weak; I ate—my
eye.)
The courses fitted gladly by,
I dined deeply with the dishes—
Just pausing now and then to sigh
Good wishes.

And then—and then—the climax came!
They brought the candied birthday cake

How we, an honor told its name,
Did take on—
No common cake was that, which long
Acquaintance refts of all its glory,
But one much hymned in script and song
And story.

The Pride of Swets, the King of Cakes!
(Would I could Shelley it or Keats!)
Distinction both to him who makes
And eats it—
Confection that has so amazed
The lips of many a Miss and Master—
This cake, in short, so highly praised
By Walter.

O Luscious Lady Baltimore,
What wizard was thy first doft maker?
What fairy was in days of yore
Thy baker?
What artist framed thy recipe,
"Mistake" what of old culinary races?
What gifted chef instilled in thee
Such graces?

Thy secret keep! I know, alas!
I ate thee till the thing grew com-
But there!—This song shall not be gas-
tronomical.
(How many "helps" 'st right to take?)
Some say that once, some swear that
twice is,
I took, I think, of that grand cake
Nine slices.

My lady's birthday 'twas. So I
Uprose among my emptied dishes:
"Now hie, dear mamma!" I cried, "to my
Heart's wishes:
Thy birthday run to many score,
Each happiest! And each doct guess
It—
Bring you, sweet Lady Baltimore,
To bless it!"
—H. S. H.

Merely Joking.

An Insinuation.—Mrs. Oldboy (after a
slight difference of opinion): "Oh, if only
I had been born in the days of chivalry!"
Mr. O.: "Well, you came pretty near it!"
—Ally Sloper.

Not the Natural Variety.—Aristocratic
Friend: "Have you a family tree?"
Young Sloper (enthusiastically): "Yes,
and it's a peach!"—Baltimore American.

Overdid It.—"I shrink from office," de-
clared the reformer. "But if an accus-
tomed man, the people decided that he
shrunk so much that he got too small
for the place."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quick Work.—"You say you're a Har-
vard man? From what class were you
graduated?" "The—or—the sophomore
class."—Cleveland Leader.

Why He Spoke.—"Don't you know,
dear," said his wife, sweetly, "that it is
wrong to talk behind a person's back?"
He was trying to button her waist at the
time, and really there seemed to be pro-
prietor for his remarks.—Philadelphia
Leader.

Referred to French Licks—"I see that
one person in every 1,200 is blind." "How
about the tigers?"—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Correct.—A gentleman visiting some
relatives in Scotland was persuaded to
try a game of golf. At his first stroke
he aimed a terrific blow at the ball, scatter-
ing the turf to right and left, and
looked around for the result. "What
have you done?" he asked. "Scotland, sir,"
gruffly answered the caddy.—Tit-Bits.

NEW INSTRUCTORS AT WILLIAM AND MARY

Richmond Man to Be at Head of Physical Culture De- partment.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WILLIAMSBURG, VA., July 22.—The
executive committee of the College of
William and Mary held a session to-day
at the college.

Dr. Walter A. Montgomery, professor
in the Sewanee Grammar School of Se-
wanee, Tenn., was elected professor of
Latin and associate professor of Greek.

Dr. Montgomery is a native of North
Carolina, thirty-three years of age, mar-
ried, a graduate (A. B., 1892, Ph. D., 1899)
of Johns Hopkins University, professor
of Latin at the University of Arkansas,
1899-1900; professor of Greek, 1900-1901,
University of Mississippi; since 1901, class-
ical master in the Sewanee Grammar
School. Dr. Montgomery is highly recom-
mended by President Alderman, of the
University of Virginia; Dr. Gilderale, of
Johns Hopkins University, and other
distinguished educators.

Miss M. M. Mille, of Richmond, was
elected physical director. Miss Mille is a
graduate of the Virginia Polytechnic In-
stitute, at Blacksburg, with B. S. 1902 and
M. S. 1903, and has been instructor in
French and German since 1903 at the
same institution. He was a member of
Western and Southern Normal School
institution for five years, was captain of
the football team in 1902 and of the base-
ball team in 1901, and has been a regular
baseball coach since 1903. He was as-
sistant coach of the football team in
1904 and head graduate coach last fall.
He is twenty-seven years old.

EPIDEMIC OF CRIME.

Burglars and Firebugs Operating at Many Places.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SUFFOLK, VA., July 23.—There has
recently been an epidemic of crime at
small stations on the Norfolk and West-
ern Railroad between Suffolk and Peters-
burg. Burglars and firebugs have, within
a few days, appeared at Disputants,
Zions, Windsor and Myrtle. The Suffolk
police are receiving frequent messages
of warning. The burglars usually oper-
ate in private residences.

Held for Grand Jury.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEWPORT NEWS, VA., July 23.—D. F.
Goodman, charged with abducting thir-
teen-year-old Lillian Harrison, was held
for the grand jury by Police Justice
Brown to-night. Goodman and the Har-
rison child ran away a week ago Sunday
night, and wandered about three nights
and days. They were found late last
Wednesday night in a milk wagon just
outside the city.

TIDEWATER SALE HAS BEEN DENIED

Probably No Truth in Report
That Pennsylvania Has Ac-
quired New System.

REPORTS FROM ROANOKE

Wabash System Said to Be Real
Power Behind the
Tidewater.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NORFOLK, VA., July 23.—At the gen-
eral office of the Tidewater Railway to-
day the report, emanating from Roanoke,
that the Tidewater and Deepwater Rail-
way systems had been sold to the Penn-
sylvania system was emphatically denied.
"There is nothing in it—absolutely
nothing in it. You can deny the report
for Mr. Dupuy," was a statement made
to the newspaper men at the Tidewater
offices by the secretary to General Man-
ager Dupuy, of the Tidewater Railway
system.

Superintendent Hitchcock, for MacAr-
thur Brothers, railroad contractors, who
are building the Tidewater Railway, has
resigned his position to go to Bolivia,
South America, where he has accepted
the position of general manager of a
large contracting company.

CAUSE OF IT.
The resignation of Mr. Hitchcock and
the transfer of a number of workmen
from one section of the Tidewater Rail-
way to another was said to be respon-
sible for the alarming reports sent out
from Roanoke that work had been sus-
pended on the Tidewater Railway, and
that the Pennsylvania system had ac-
quired it.

FOREMAN IN JAIL.

Charged With Shooting Negro
on His Horse.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
BEDFORD CITY, July 23.—C. C. Wood-
ruff, foreman of a force of janitors em-
ployed upon the double-tracking opera-
tions of the Norfolk and Western Rail-
way, near Goodes, about nine miles dis-
tant, was brought here this morning and
lodged in jail, charged with shooting a
colored man of his force named David
Cunningham from Danville on Sunday.
The man is very seriously wounded in
the neck, and his condition is precarious.
As far as can be ascertained there was
no provocation whatever for the attack
on Cunningham. The application of
Woodruff for bail was refused, and he
was committed to prison to await the
action of the grand jury.

COCAINE IN PETERSBURG.

Purchased Drug in Richmond and
Sold It in the Cockade City.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
PETERSBURG, VA., July 23.—Fred
Valentine, the negro cocaine seller, was
brought here from Manchester this morn-
ing, and will be tried in the Mayor's
Court Wednesday morning. Many of his
patrons will appear as witnesses. Rich-
mond was his purchasing place, and
when he was arrested in Manchester on
his way to Petersburg thirty-seven pack-
ages of cocaine were found on his per-
son. The use of the drug has become
very prevalent among negroes here.

Liquor Case Dismissed.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
PETERSBURG, VA., July 23.—Frank
Smith, the blindfold bar-keeper charged
with selling liquor to minors, was dis-
charged by Judge Mullen in the Hastings
Court this afternoon. The case was
widely-known and aroused much inter-
est. Smith was defended by Charles T.
Lauster.

Blackburn—Oliver.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
BEDFORD CITY, VA., July 23.—Miss
Margaret Tucker Oliver, daughter of Mrs.
S. M. Oliver, and Mr. Samuel Blackburn,
of Winston-Salem, N. C., were very
loquacious at the afternoon at the home
of her brother, Mr. T. T. Oliver, Rev.
Dallas Tucker officiating. Mr. and
Mrs. Blackburn left on the afternoon train
for an extended wedding journey.

Lowrey—Saunders.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
FRIDDERICKSBURG, VA., July 23.—
Mr. Andrew Walker Lowrey, of Richmond
county, and Miss Lillie Saunders, daugh-
ter of George W. Saunders, of Irvington,
were married Thursday at the home of
the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lowrey.
They will reside at Warsaw.

Estes—Wood.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
FRIDDERICKSBURG, VA., July 23.—
Mr. Andrew J. Estes and Miss Sallie M.
Wood, daughter of E. V. Wood, both of
Greene county, were married Wednesday
at Standardsville, Ky. J. N. Doffmeyer
officiating.

Young Man Drowned.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SUFFOLK, VA., July 23.—Joseph Ste-
vens, sixteen years old, was drowned Sun-
day evening while swimming in the upper
waters of Nansemond River. He was
stricken with convulsions and sank before
rescue could be effected.

A HAPPY HOME

Is one where health abounds,
With impure blood there can-
not be good health.
With a disordered LIVER there
cannot be good blood.

Tutt's Pills
revivify the torpid LIVER and restore
its natural action.

A healthy LIVER means pure
blood.
Pure blood means health.
Health means happiness.

Take no Substitute. All Druggists.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have
Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Ayer
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A Vegetable Preparation for As-
similating the Food and Regula-
ting the Stomachs and Bowels of
Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipa-
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Ayer
NEW YORK.

30¢ BOTTLES—15¢ CANS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CLANS TO GATHER IN BRISTOL TOWN

Ninth District Democratic Con-
gressional Convention to Be
Held in August.